To euill, should be done by none:
But custome what they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne;
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as a bedfellow,
In maryage pleasures, playfellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe:
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle tould, not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grimme lookes do testifie.
What now ensues, to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Anti. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Peri. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprise.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer razde, and testie wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;
That haue enflamde desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:
Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduentrous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;
And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:
Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you:
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

Scornin